

Current
Comment

We have had considerable to say in regard to the proposed new high school plant. In addition to our own observations we have published at intervals the opinions of others. We are still willing to give space to any one who wishes to discuss the high school situation over his or her signature.

Recent developments indicate that the present site will not be approved by the state board of education as the location for a new high school. Obviously, then, the first step which confronts the board of trustees is the acquisition of a suitable site. There are, it is reported, three locations under consideration, to wit: Site No. 1 (across from grammar school) which is rated 88 per cent from point of location, price, desirability, etc. Site No. 2 (across from Alice avenue) which is rated 108 per cent, and Site No. 3 (Hamilton and Central) which is rated 82 per cent. In other columns of this issue will be found complete analysis of these sites. It might be a good idea for taxpayers to give some consideration to the figures and pass their findings on to their representative on the school board.

That brings up another angle. It behooves we of Campbell to sing a bit low on the proposition of a new high school. We must remember that the Campbell Union Grammar school is a comparatively small per centage of the total tax which pays for schools in these combined districts and we should not be guilty of trying to run the whole show. Rural taxpayers are prone (and rightly so) to take affront at anything which appears to be, on the part of the townsmen, a reluctance to allow their opinions to be questioned. In fact, it is this very fault which has put us in bad odor in certain communities. And it's a lead-pipe cinch that we are not going to put over a bond election if we start out by antagonizing the majority over the comparative unimportance of a site. What we want is a new high school and as long as it is built in the center of the district and convenient to Campbell students, why raise a hue and cry over the site? Nothing presents a ludicrous appearance to the outside world as does the internal bickerings of any town, large or small. Let us preserve our dignity at all costs.

In a letter to the editor, published in the Press last week, a citizen of Campbell pointed, among other things, to the need of a new Southern Pacific depot. If we consider the situation from the standpoint of passenger and other traffic, we find the need is not pressing, but when we consider the ugliness of the present station it seems that a more modern structure would certainly help beautify the town. A small structure located nearer to Campbell avenue would do the trick at little expense to the railroad company. A park extending to the old depot, which could be utilized as a freight shed, would add to the attractiveness of the village. It is difficult for any town to present a very inspiring appearance when viewed from the railroad right of way, but the average California town boasts a better depot than does Campbell. The next thing to do is to convince the railroad company of the need. Who's for it?

A plot to assassinate President Rubio of Mexico was nipped in the bud and another revolution averted when Police Chief Quintana of Mexico City arrested the ring leaders of the plot to overthrow the government. It seems a pity that no president is allowed to live long enough to demonstrate to the people whether or not he is a good man for the job. Smart men will shun the presidency of the Mexican republic if defeated candidates continue the practice of attempting assassination upon the persons of the more successful runners for public office.

Accordingly the mayor of "Little Mexico" (Los Angeles) is in a precarious position. He's in a place of a stiletto between his ears at any time.

That's all.

prolonged pleasure

was ponderously

CAMPBELL PRESS

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CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1930

Losing the Cop.

By Albert T. Reid

HIGH SENIORS TO
PRESENT "CHARM
SCHOOL" FEB. 7

Friday night, Feb. 7, a three-act comedy entitled "The Charm School" will be presented by the senior class of the Campbell high school at the grammar school auditorium at 8 o'clock. The play, which is reported to be riotously funny, is being coached by Miss Ruth Soule Johnson, teacher of public speaking. Characters in the play are:

Austin Bevins—Elmer Sundquist, an automobile salesman with ideas which David MacKenzie—Eugene Moore, a law student, consider impractical, though George Boyd—Mack Ross, an expert accountant, is willing to co-operate and so are Jim Simpkins—Kenneth Beer, and Tim Simpkins—Ed Hubbard, who toil not and have never seriously considered spinning.

Homer Johns—Harold Gardner, is the guardian of Elsie Benedotti—Vesta Anderson, the president of the senior class at a school, presided over by Miss Hayes—Helen Buck, who is loved and feared by all who know her, including the secretary, Miss Curtis—Virginia Tressler, who is always trying to think well of the senior class, consisting of Sally Boyd—Dorothy Burton, who is George Boyd's sister, and Muriel Doughty—Mildred Tanner, Ethel Spelvin—Harriet Barnes, Alix Mercier—Lorraine Ribisi, Lillian Strofford—Iris York, Madge Kent—Ruth Bollinger, Charlotte Gray—Fay Lovell, Alia Elson—Kathryn Eltzer, Edna Gordon—Nadine Wendt, and it is worth while to mention a junior Dotsie—Mildred Smith.

It is predicted that those who see this play will agree that it is dangerous to turn five young men loose in a girls' boarding school.

All seats reserved and available from any senior of the high school.

Vito Rosa Escapes

Serious Injury In
Automobile Crash

Vito Rosa escaped with his life and a few serious scalp wounds last evening when his automobile crashed on the hill at Vasona junction near Campbell. According to reports Mr. Rosa swerved to avoid a coming car at a place where the pavement was slippery, causing a collision. The car rolled over several times and was a total loss. Mr. Anderson treated the wounds.

COMMITTEES FOR
OLD SETTLERS DAY
ARE APPOINTED

The following committees, in addition to the speaker committee already appointed, are urgently requested to meet and arrange for the celebration of Old Settlers' day for the purpose of making it the outstanding year of the many which have preceded it: Publicity—R. H. Knappen, G. E. Farley, Mrs. C. H. Whitman, Mrs. J. F. Wehmeyer and S. N. Hedegard; program—Mrs. R. H. Hyde, Mrs. D. H. Cramer, Dr. F. R. Anderson, Mrs. H. M. Shadle, W. C. Bohnett and R. E. Noddin; hall and decoration—Mrs. C. A. Sitter, Mrs. Mary Lanphear, Mrs. G. C. Ainsley, Miss Mary Fablinger, Mrs. L. F. Shaw, Ira Abbott and A. Ferro.

The above named committees, together with the following will act as a reception committee—Messdames Lena Rodeck, Mary Green, Elizabeth Duncan, Ollie Putnam, May Beardsley, Alice Smith, Emily Duncan, Ellen R. Smith, Lillian Voge, Mary White and Miss Sadie Maxon; Messrs. H. U. Archibald, W. C. Catting, Joseph Bohnett, N. G. Finley and A. T. Davey; Messrs. and Mesdames J. H. Campbell, J. D. Blaine, Albert Buell J. H. Bennett, G. W. Page, S. B. Smith, H. C. Hutton, F. E. Mitchell, E. K. Clendinning, F. W. Mitchell, A. C. Keesling, R. W. Kennedy, H. G. Keesling, B. O. Curry, A. W. Barker, C. L. Watson, E. R. Kennedy, J. L. Hagelin, J. C. Ainsley, G. E. Hyde, J. O. Dempsey, J. B. Gard, P. B. Payne, F. H. Cutting, T. A. Cutting, A. B. Townsend, Dr. W. H. Crothers, George Whitney and C. R. Farnum.

It will be practically impossible for the entire reception committee to hold a meeting but it is thought that there should be suggestions offered to the program committee by members of the reception committee, which suggestion could be incorporated in the program and thus add to the interest of the day's celebration.

It has been the custom in the past for some organization in the district to serve a cafeteria luncheon for the visitors and as yet no one has requested this privilege or offered to undertake this part of the day's activities. Any organization desiring to do this should communicate with the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Mrs. C. H. Whitman, as soon as possible, in order that arrangements may be definitely settled.

The evening program will be taken over by the Campbell Kiwanis club. The organization plans to

GRAMMAR SCHOOL
WILL GRADUATE 36
STUDENTS THURS.

This Thursday evening, Jan. 30, the graduation exercises of the Campbell Union Grammar school for the mid year will take place at 8 o'clock. Thirty-six students are ready to enter high school.

The program will include a march by the orchestra, the invocation by Rev. A. S. Buell, and, in order: An address, "Let Us Look Into the Garden," will be delivered by Capt. Delbert Brunon, principal of the Mountain View high school, presentation of diplomas by Superintendent I. R. Abbott. Richard Morton will present the class gift and Hugh Cramer will accept with a few words on behalf of the school. Several orchestra numbers, solos and renditions by the high school quartette will round out the program with the Rev. J. H. Bennett delivering the benediction.

Graduating are Lloyd Anderson, Bennie R. Cirone, Joseph B. Cirone, Joseph Cabral, Lawton Howard Duff, Philip Judson Farley, Frank Earl Gardner, Wilford Hall, Thomas B. Hiatt, Robert W. Knapp, Duane Spencer Laughlin, Murray L. Martin, Richard W. Morton, Francis Pryor, Horace H. Persons, Jr., Robert Ruch, Cosimo Satariano, Chester Nicholas Yerkovich, Gladys Leona Berry, Sylvia T. Best, Lena E. Campisi, Viola Patricia Coad, Helen DeMello Pine, Yoshiki Marilyn Iwori, Leonora Johnson, Pauline Johnson, Barbara Irene Kopp, Anita F. Leo, Alice Augusta Leech, Mildred Clara E. Mello, Ida Annette Orlando, Elsie Dortha Rickers, Helen Marie Rowe, Violet Irene Rowe, Nina Fay Samford, Jessie Louisa Silberbauer.

stage a minstrel show, the proceeds to first defray the actual expense of the day and the balance to be divided equally between the Kiwanis club and the Chamber of Commerce. The amount netted by the Kiwanis club will go toward the debt on the Boy Scout-Camp Fire building.

High spots on the evening's program will include Al Cunningham, who does his stuff over KQW, Cecil Innis and Oliver Johnson, of the Richards club; Bill Warren and Bud Armstrong; Stephen Merrill and Antone Bonacorso, radio entertainers, and others. Other features are the A. Harmonicas, the Novelty Saxophone Sextette, Albert Gmelin in a monologue and a Fan-phon & Marco act. Judge Percy Snider will also be on the program. Members of the local Kiwanis club, with a delegation from the Los

PROPOSED SITES FOR
NEW HIGH SCHOOL

Following is the analysis of the three proposed sites for a new school. Considerable study of the virtues of each by interested taxpayers will doubtless be the result of the publishing of the resume.

It will be observed that the desirability of site No. 3 is greatly lessened by the fact that the P. G. & E. transformer station is directly across from the road. The greater acreage of site No. 1 is offset to some extent by the smaller price of site No. 2. Nothing has been said about the proximity of site No. 2 to numerous hatcheries. Let it be understood that these points are brought out strictly in accordance with our policy of a fair play for everybody and do not point to any opinion which we may harbor.

Site No. 1 (Across from Grammar School)

- 10 Orientation—East
- 7 Frontage—Approximately 500 feet
- 10 Depth—Approximately 1,580 feet
- 10 Acreage—18 (at \$2,500 per acre)
- 6 Shape of Site—Fairly good
- 0 Improvements—Of no School Value
- 10 Street—Paved highway
- 9 Relation to Center of District—Good
- 5 Relation to Grammar School—Bad
- 6 General Environment—Good, but liable to be encroached on by future business district
- 10 Moving of Gymnasium—Easy (across the street)
- 5 Price

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Site No. 2 (Across from Alice Avenue)

- 10 Orientation—East
- 10 Frontage—600 feet
- 10 Depth—1,080 feet
- 10 Acreage—15 acres (or more, \$1,600 per acre)
- 10 Shape of Site—Excellent
- 2 Improvements—Of no school value excepting sidewalk
- 10 Street—Paved highway
- 10 Relation to Center of District—Good
- 10 Relation to Grammar School—Good
- 10 General Environment—Good, and liable to remain so
- 6 Moving of Gymnasium—Easy (.2 of a mile from intersection of Campbell avenue and Los Gatos-Santa Clara road)
- 10 Price

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Site No. 3 (Hamilton and Central Avenues)

- 9 Orientation—North with east exposure available for use
- 6 Frontage—480 feet
- 10 Depth—1,240 feet
- 9 Acreage—Approximately 14 acres (at about \$1,800 per acre)
- 5 Shape of Site—Fair
- 4 Improvements—Old residence might be used for caretaker's house
- 10 Street—Paved highway
- 8 Relation to Center of District—Fair
- 5 Relation to Grammar School—Fair
- 8 General Environment—Fairly good, except P. G. & E. transformer station across street. Should remain a residential district
- 0 Moving of Gymnasium—Practically impossible (.6 of a mile down important thoroughfares and would have to be moved in sections at exorbitant cost)
- 8 Price

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Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Eohnett and two daughters were visiting with friends in San Francisco last Tuesday.

Minnesotans To Hold

Mid-Winter Meeting

Gatos club will furnish the musical strain throughout the entire program. The whole show is arranged and directed by Harold Morton and under the special and personal supervision of "Bunny" Woods, who produced the Shrine club benefit vaudeville show in San Jose last fall, of which several parts are being used for the Old Settlers day show.

During the day the Camp Fire girls have been granted the privilege of selling home made candies to assist them in raising funds to promote their work among the girls of the community.

All former Minnesotans are asked to attend the mid-winter meeting of the Minnesota State society which will be held in the Chamber of Commerce convention hall in San Jose, Saturday evening, Feb. 1. Bring well-filled baskets for the 6:30 dinner which will precede the program. Coffee, sugar, cream and ice cream will be served by the society.

Dr. M. W. Kapp of San Jose will tell of his recent trip to Alaska and show moving pictures which he took on the trip. The Montezuma school glee club will furnish a musical program.

Get poisons out of system . . .

Doctors know that this modern scientific laxative works efficiently in smaller doses because you chew it. Safe and mild for old and young.

Feen-a-mint FOR CONSTIPATION



Total Disregard
He—Does Vera look her age?
She—No; she overlooks it.—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

Coast to Coast good Grocers sell and recommend Russ Ball Blue. Better value than any other.—Adv.

A man never realizes how fond he is of brunettes until he marries a blond.

COLDS COST MONEY

It is estimated that a sufferer from colds loses three days' time from work in a year.

FORTIFY YOURSELF AGAINST COLDS, GRIPPE

Tone up your body with
DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY
All Dealers. Liquid or Tablets.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Removes dandruff, stops hair falling, restores color and beauty to gray and faded hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists. Hiram's Chem. Co., Patchogue, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiram's Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Family Trees
"I think there's something shady about him. Don't you?"
"Decidedly. I'll bet his family tree was a slippery elm."

HEADACHE?

Instead of dangerous heart depressants take safe, mild, purely vegetable **NATURE'S REMEDY** and get rid of the bowel poisons that cause the trouble. Nothing like **NR** for biliousness, sick headache and constipation. Acts pleasantly. Never gripes.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable. As druggists—only 25c. Make the test tonight. **FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE**

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Insuring Peace
"You say you're a lover of peace and then you go and throw a brick at Casey."
"Yes, sir—an 'e were peaceful, too after I throwed it."

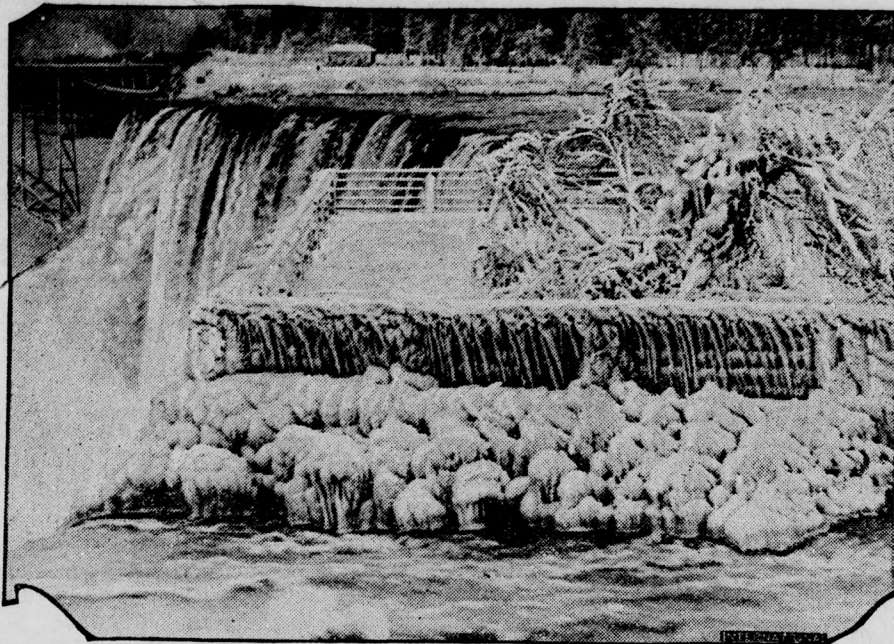


Helped at Change of Life

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine at the Change of Life. I would get blue spells and just walk the floor. I was nervous, could not sleep at night, and was not able to do my work. I know if it had not been for your medicine I would have been in bed most of this time and had a big doctor's bill. If women would only take your medicine they would be better."—Mrs. Anna Weaver, R. F. D. No. 2, Rose Hill, Iowa.

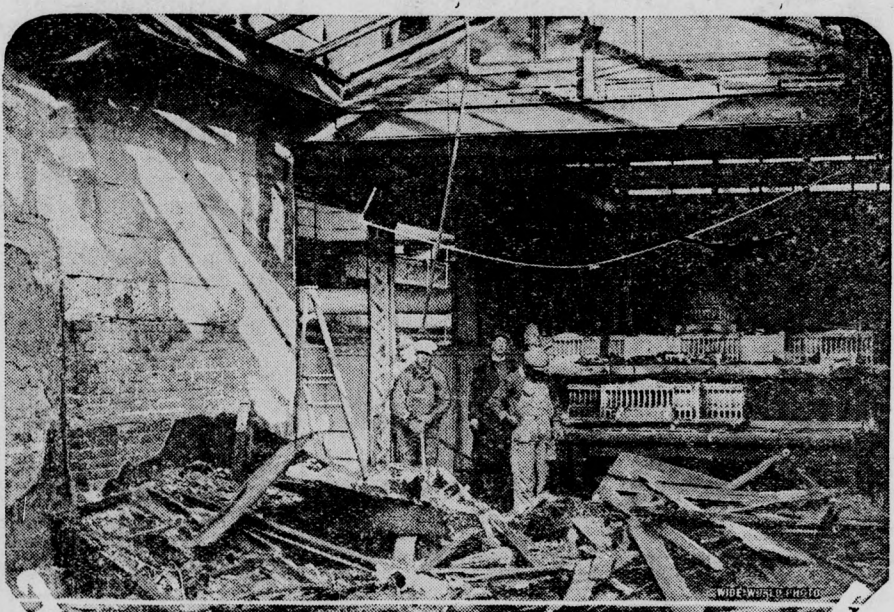
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Beautiful Bride's Cake at Niagara Falls



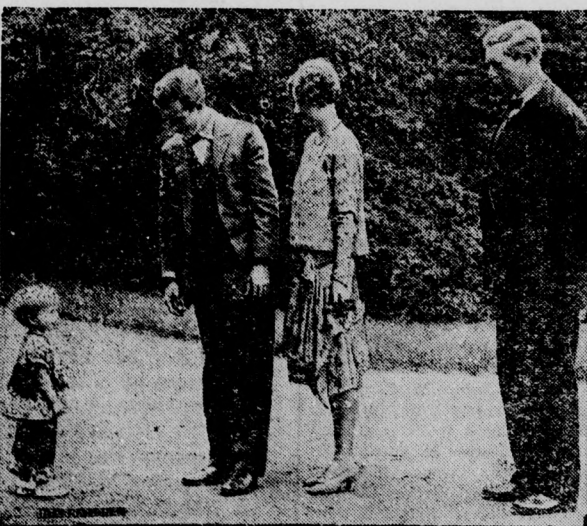
This frothy concoction is not the work of a master French chef, as might be imagined, but was created by King Winter himself in one of that gentleman's more inspired moments. The richly decorated platform is none other than the prosaic iron and concrete stand from which honeymoon couples are wont to view the wonders of Niagara falls. The swirling torrents may be seen in the background together with one end of the famous suspension bridge.

Flames in Capitol Building Damage Art Works



Valuable art works, including the model of the Capitol, were badly damaged by the mysterious fire that broke out in the west wing of the building. The photograph shows workmen clearing up the debris.

Queen's Photograph of Her Family



This exclusive intimate family photograph of the king of the Belgians, with the crown prince, the latter's wife and the little Princess Josephine-Charlotte, was taken in the gardens of the royal Laeken-Lez-Brussels palace by the queen of the Belgians herself. It is one of the few photographs of the sovereign taken in the royal family circle. The baby princess, who is two years old, is wearing a suit of Javanese pajamas brought back from the Dutch East Indies by her father and mother.

Al, Cal and Julius Distribute a Fund



Left to right: Alfred E. Smith, Calvin Coolidge and Julius Rosenwald, as they met as a committee to decide on the distribution of a \$50,000,000 charity fund left by the late Conrad Hubert, founder of the Bond Electric Corporation of New Jersey and originator of the flou light. His entire fortune was made through the manufacture of flou lights.

GOALIE IS CLEVER



Nathan Hawks, goalie of the Dartmouth hockey team, whose wonderful defense work is aiding his team in their winter ice campaigns. This New England team is said to be one of the strong est in the East.

INDIAN NATIONALIST



President Jawaharlal Nehru, young leader of the Indian Nationalist congress, who in a fiery speech before 50,000 delegates demanded complete freedom from England.

POULTRY

LIGHTS PROMOTE EGGS IN WINTER

Scratch Feed Is Scattered in Litter Previous Night.

Egg production can be profitably increased during winter months through the use of artificial lighting, suggests O. C. Ufford, extension poultryman for the Colorado Agricultural college.

"Hens normally lay the most eggs in the spring and early summer when there is the greatest amount of daylight," Mr. Ufford declares. "It has been found that by prolonging the period of light during winter days a higher average egg production will be obtained than when artificial light is not used."

There are three methods of artificially lighting the henhouse by the use of an automatic clock. Probably the most popular method is that of turning on the lights between 4 and 5 a. m. and keeping them on until daylight. The morning scratch feed is scattered in the litter the night before.

Sometimes a combination of morning and evening lights is used, the evening lights being turned on about 4 p. m., when the birds are sent to roost by automatically dimming the lights before they are entirely turned off. The lights are turned on again by the clock early in the morning.

The evening lunch method permits the birds to go to roost at the regular time, but arouses them when the lights are turned on about 8 p. m., when a feed of grain is scattered in the litter. This brings the birds off the roosts for about an hour for grain, mash and water, and then they are sent back to roost by the use of dimmers. This lunch prevents them becoming hungry during the winter nights and enables them to better resist cold weather.

Mash for Winter Eggs

Favored by Specialist

With a 50 per cent production for young stock as a practical economical limit for their production, J. B. Hayes, poultry specialist at the University of Wisconsin, advises that careful feeding should attend their introduction into the class of producers.

"Forcing," he declares, "should not be attempted on young stock, nor should it be expected of them that production on top of early maturity gained from forcing will be the best for flock production."

For poultry stock which is in condition to be forced, such as pullets that are well along to maturity, and hens that have fully recovered from their molt and are again in good condition, increased feeding during the winter months is a good way to bring up production of the flock. One of the best of rations for the flock to bring them to better production is this one:

Scratch Feed Mixture: Cracked corn, 2 pounds; wheat, 2 pounds; oats, 1 pound.

Mash: Bran, 100 pounds; wheat middlings, 100 pounds; ground oats, 100 pounds; oil meal, 50 pounds; salt, 3 pounds.

Practices in feeding that have been found to be the best, according to Hayes, include the feeding of grain in two or three portions during the day. The mash is the true "forcer" of the feed for the flock.

Sunlight Is Important

as Source of Vitamine D

Sunlight is without an equal to furnish the necessary vitamine D to laying hens, says Prof. J. E. Dougherty of the poultry husbandry division of the University of California.

While it is more valuable than any other agency, says Dougherty, the quartz mercury vapor lamp will give good results, and where sunlight is not available, it may be used.

Either sunlight or the lamp excel cod-liver oil in this respect, although where sunlight is lacking and the quartz mercury vapor lamp is not available, the cod-liver oil will be far better than nothing.

"Sunlight is cheap where it is at all available," says Professor Dougherty, "and where it is possible poultry should be exposed to the direct rays of the sun as much as possible."

Watch Shipping Days to

Get Higher Hen Prices

"There is a right time to ship poultry. Shipment should be made so it will reach the market Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday, according to observations by many experienced shippers. The market is often overloaded toward the end of the week, resulting in selling at reduced prices to avoid a carry-over to the next week," says W. D. Termohlen of Iowa State college.

It is also a smart plan to compare local prices with terminal market prices because, in many cases, the difference is not worth the extra costs connected with shipping.

Fowls for Breeding

It is time to make the breeding pens. Select your best fowls, confine them in small flocks of 12 to 20, according to the breed, and place a good male in each pen. Have the hens in each pen as near alike as possible. If a number of males are allowed to run with large flock you can never tell which the chicks will be when you select the eggs for hatching. Prolonged breeding, even for utility fowls, is never satisfactory for pure stock.



Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acrid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective.

The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Forte and Forty

"I'm told tragedy is her forte."
"Oh, no. Forty is her tragedy!"—Detroit News.



Don't neglect a COLD

DISTRESSING cold in chest or throat—that so often leads to something serious—generally responds to good old Musterole with the first application. Should be more effective if used **once every hour for five hours.**

Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



Mush and milk parties should be given to popularize that neglected dish.



Is Your Rest Disturbed?

Deal Promptly with Kidney Irregularities.

If bothered with bladder irritations, getting up at night and constant backache, don't take chances. Help your kidneys with **Doan's Pills.** Used for more than 40 years. Endorsed the world over. Sold by dealers everywhere.

50,000 Users Endorse Doan's:

John Greener, 29 N. Sheridan Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I was troubled with headaches. The kidney secretions burned and contained sediment. I felt tired out and had no energy. Doan's Pills put me in good shape and I have used them several times with good results."

DOAN'S PILLS

A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

Little Giant nut cracker spells money in black walnuts. New invention. Nickel plated. \$4 each. Order from ad. or send for particulars. Agents: J. R. Hershey, Kinross, Pa.

PISO'S for COUGHS

Excellent for when—coughs and colds. Successfully for 60 years.

H.A.T.E.

BY ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
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WHAT WENT BEFORE

Capt. Lion Fellowes' American merchant ship is sunk by a British frigate off Portugal in the War of 1812. The crew surrenders, but Fellowes reaches shore exhausted. His life is saved by an English-speaking girl, who reveals her identity. She is about to set out for Lisbon. Fellowes goes to Lisbon where he meets an acquaintance, Captain Chater of the American ship True Bounty, who offers him a berth as a mate, but knowing Chater is disloyal in trading with the enemy, he refuses. He meets the girl who saved his life, Cara Inglepin, daughter of the owner of True Bounty. She is bound for home and induces Fellowes to sail as mate. He is in love with Cara. The vessel is stopped by the British frigate, Badger, Captain Collishaw. Despite his claims to American citizenship, Fellowes is taken aboard the Badger as a "pressed" man. He scents treachery and his hatred of Collishaw, Cara and Chater becomes an obsession. While off New York Fellowes escapes. He suspects a plot in a meeting to be held at Chater's home.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Are the Ingelpins the only strangers at Chater's?"

Jeff Riggie answered him.

"Right now, they be; but Saul's had a passel of company since he come home from Portugal. Mr. Ingelpin's been out afore, and a dozen fellers off n' on—most o' em from New England, by the way they talked."

Fellowes experienced a rush of savage exultation. "There's a mess of treason brewing on Sampawams creek, but we'll upset the pot," he said. "And that reminds me: Jeff, will you wake the Fencibles, who live on Main street?"

"I'll whip 'em out o' bed, if I do," Riggie assented. "Mr. Andy, 'ant to borrow that air musket o' yers. I'm goin' to have a shot at the feller poked his pistol in my stomach."

"I'll believe it when some one else tells it," she retorted as he departed. "One o' squire's men 'd do my powder 'n' lend more justice." She leveled an admonitory forefinger at Tom. "Now, that hairy, little feller, he looks like he'd be better at shootin' than backin'."

"Axin' yer pardon, ma'am," replied Tom, shuffling his brown feet. "but I'm no hand with a gun. If ye had a cutlass—or a boardin' ax—"

"That's a wood ax yer welcome to. What about the nigger, squire? He don't look decent in that naked state. He's welcome to the gun, but I can't come by a shirt, let alone a coat, to cover him."

"Cuffee can get along as he is," rejoined Fellowes. "But he'll be grateful for a musket, Mrs. Rhodes."

The negro favored her with a view of his entire mouthful of filed teeth.

"Cuffee plenty lub fo' shoot," he said.

"Heavens, what gibberish," she protested. "And is he a nanybal with all them wicked teeth?"

"No more'n ye be, yerself," growled Tom before Fellowes could answer.

"H'tey—t'hey!" snapped the widow. "Keep a civil tongue in yer head, my man."

"I ain't yer man," roared Tom. "And I'll thank ye to mind as how Cuffee's my nigger."

"A pressed man own a nigger?"

"The negro would serve with his master, you see," Fellowes intervened.

"I don't see," scoffed Mrs. Rhodes. "If that makes sense, I'm a fool."

"Ye said it yerself," jeered Tom. The widow grabbed a pewter jack from the table.

"And if ye think to talk back to me, ye little, hairy vermin, I'll try the weight o' yer skull," she threatened.

But Cuffee thrust his enormous body between them.

"Cuffee him b'long fo' Tom," he said in his curiously soft, soothing voice. Tom him b'long to marse Fellowes. Cuffee plenty lub him bofe. Ye don't hit Tom."

She regarded the negro with unwilling respect.

"Why, ye talk like a Christian—which is more'n that Tom does."

"Tom him no lub woman," explained Cuffee, grinning. "Oh, my aunt, him plenty 'fraid fo' woman."

"Land's sakes, so that's the kind o' critter he is!" Mrs. Rhodes smiled upon the pair of them.

"Wanli, it's time he learned what a respectable woman's like. Poor feller! That's naught nearer to a baby than a sailor in this world," Tom started to retreat toward the door. "Tom! You, Tom!"

"Yes, m'am?" he answered meekly.

"What's yer name?"

"Tom Grogan, m'am—o' I'llly delphy, P. A."

"Set yerself down, Tom. I wouldn't want for any man to think I meant him harm. Will ye have a drop o' drink jest to wet yer tongue?"

Tom brightened perceptibly.

"Why, I'd take it kindly, m'am."

"Not too much," cautioned Fellowes, and turned to greet Nimrod Sopher, who hurried in at the head of four or five men, all carrying rifles, muskets or fowling pieces of various dates and patterns. Sopher was a man of about forty, thin as a lath, with a long, mournful face that reminded Fellowes of a horse. Around his waist was belted a dragon suber of prodigious size.

"This is an unforeseen pleasure to me," he proclaimed ponderously.

"I nearly fell out of my window when Paris told me you were home. An extraordinary deliverance! A veritable Odyssey, I doubt not. You'll have much to tell us, yes, yes! But we have not been idle at home. And you'll find the Manor all in order. I've had some trouble with Chater, who gave me to understand 'twas your pleasure he should be permitted to buy the 'swamp tract' east of the creek; but I trust I've not merited rebuke in resisting his persuasions."

"Chater lied to you," rasped Fellowes. "He and—and an accomplice of his betrayed me to Collishaw—to silence me lest I reveal their intercourse with the enemy. Collishaw, as Eatches must have told you—"

"Ah, but my dear Lion, how can you prove this British officer comes with the intention of proposing a commerce in treason?"

"That's why I had your Fencibles roused. We must capture the scoundrels in the act."

"Scoundrels!" Sopher was distressed. "A libelous phrase, my friend. And it occurs to me that Chater has visiting him Mr. Ben Jamn Inglepin, a reputable merchant, of New York city, as well as Mr. Inglepin's daughter—"

"Who is the guiding hand in the plot?" flared Fellowes.

"But, Lion! Mr. Inglepin is a reputable merchant!"

"Say a wealthy merchant, and I agree with you. Grown wealthy on trading with the enemy. A corrupt, conspiring Federalist, bent on restoring allegiance to the Crown."

Sopher was bewildered.

"It passes comprehension," he said. "And as your attorney, Lion, I must counsel you to have your proofs in order before you undertake to prosecute your charges."

"With your Fencibles to aid me, I'll have proof enough to hang the lot of them."

"What? A woman?"

Mrs. Rhodes, who had stood by listening, arms akimbo, rapped sternly:

"And why not, if she deserves it?"

"Why not?" echoed Fellowes.

Sopher wagged his head forward, indignantly. "I like it not, Lion, and that's the truth. As your attorney—"

"Tis not as my attorney, but as captain of the Fencibles I've called on you. Will you aid us to capture those British invaders?"

"Ah, that's a different matter." The lawyer-militiaman plucked up his spirits. "There, to be sure, we have the law on our side. Invaders in arms may be resisted, nay, they should be resisted. But laying an information alleging the crime of high treason is a matter requiring protracted consideration. I should err in my responsibility did I not urge reflection upon the possible consequences."

"I care nothing for the consequences," Fellowes said coldly. "To protect the Ingelpins and Chater, Collishaw pressed me off the True Bounty, and gave me a hundred lashes of the cat. Did you ever see a man who had taken a hundred lashes on his back? Do you understand what it means to be compelled to serve against your country?"

"Your resentment is justifiable," deplored the lawyer, "yet suffer me to indicate that justice is seldom realized through passion."

Eatches, who hovered by the window, made an awkward attempt to come to attention.

"Axin' yer pardon, Cap'n," he reported, "the powder's served out, and the company be acillin' for ye 'n' squire."

"And 'bout time some one took heed to actin' 'stead o' argylin'," announced Mrs. Rhodes. "Here!" she opened a cupboard, and drew from it a musket, powder horn and shot pouch, which she extended to Cuffee. "Tom, jest stir yourself out to the woodshed, and ye'll find a hefty ax I honed, myself. Squire, that's a pistol in the drawer o' that table. Nimrod, git out o' here, and mustered yer Fencibles or I'll go do it for ye."

"I trust I do not need to be reminded of my duty, Miranda Rhodes," the lawyer returned with dignity. "Corporal Eatches, lead out your squad. After you, Lion!"

In the hall they encountered Tom, fingering the edge of a shiny, broad-bladed wood ax.

"Tom yer thumb over that?" he invited them admiringly. "The Badger's gunner couldn't have it sharper. That's a woman for ye! Cripes, she'd fight a seventy-four 'soon as look at it."

Fellowes reflected uneasily that, at least, she'd probably fight more handsly than his prolix attorney. But a clamor of voices distracted his attention. "H'tey! What's the squire?" "Come on, Nimrod, we want to fight!" "Three cheers for the Fencibles!" "We'll show them Englishmen a few tricks!" "H'tey, Sopher! Hear yer bloodhounds barkin'?"

Not so well disciplined, the Fencibles, who, after all were only everyday farmers and fishermen, "Thank God for the misty darkness!" The men were armed as nonde scriptly as the squad that had attended Zaches—half of them carried old Brown Bess firelocks, with bayonets; the remainder sported hunting rifles, tradeguns and fowling pieces. Lads barely in their teens slumbered beside grandfathers wearing their white hair long in the fashion of the last century. But all, regardless of age or equipment, were hysterically brave, and they broke ranks to receive Fellowes.

He quieted the demonstration with difficulty.

"The British will hear you, friends. Our one hope is to surprise them. Fall them in, Nimrod."

Sopher drew his saber with a clang.

"Fall in, men! Fall in! Sergeant Peirt! Where's Sergeant Peirt?"

One of the ancients of the company stepped clear of the confusion and saluted with shaky smartness.

"Must the men, sergeant. Columns of fours."

"And douse those torches," added Fellowes.

Prompt obedience plunged the group in darkness, and the confusion increased until the Widow Rhodes appeared with a lighted stable-lantern in either hand.

"I never see such clumsy cufs," she snapped. "For land's sake, git agoin', Abner Peirt. I've heard yer tell 'bout Saratoga for thirty years. S'pose ye show us a bit o' sojerin' for a change?"

"We will, M'randy, we will," quavered Peirt. "The Fencibles ain't Continentals, but they know thar drill. Fall in, men! Slope arms! Right dress!" His old voice took on a ghostly ring of virility.

"By fours—column right—'t'ard!"

Feet shuffled in the dust, and Fellowes found himself, with Cuffee and Tom and Nimrod Sopher, leading the Fencibles west on the



"Who is the Guiding-Hand in the Plot?" Flared Fellowes.

South Country road. From the rear of the little column echoed the monotonous incantation of Sergeant Peirt: "Hayfoot, strawfoot! Hayfoot, strawfoot! Hayfoot, strawfoot!"

The ancient's reiterated refrain died away in the chatter of the tree-tops. There was only the "shuffle-shuffle, slap-slap" of feet in the dust, the rustling of equipment, the tense breathing of men laboring under excitement held in leash. It must be very late, Fellowes reflected, well along toward dawn; but the mist, low-lying over the swampy lands bordering the bay, thickened the darkness. Collishaw should be on the point of departure—the Englishman was no fool; in any case, would wish to keep his landing secret.

They tramped around a curve in the road, and Cuffee, at Fellowes' elbow, stiffened with a jerk.

"What dat?" he whispered.

Simultaneously, came a hail from the shadows in front:

"Aho! there! Lay to!"

And a bosun's whistle trilled, sharp and clear.

"Back yer ears, Clinch," roared Tom Grogan.

Pistols exploded among the trees; the whistle trilled again, sharper, more piercing.

"Out cutlasses," bellowed Clinch. "Stand by to repel boarders."

Behind them Fellowes heard Peirt, quaveringly authoritative:

Form columns—by fours—left into line—forward! Shift firelocks! Present—firelocks! Aim—fire!"

The clashing detonation of thirty stand of arms dismayed the sailors, notwithstanding the militia men's bullets flew in every direction save the enemy's. Fellowes detected their flight by the crackling of tree branches and Clinch's fervid oaths, and summoned the Fencibles to pursue.

"After them, boys! Give 'em the cold steel!"

Tom was off already. Mrs. Rhodes' ax brandished at the length of his apelike arm, howling challenges to Clinch, Cuffee leaped into the woods, scrambling a weird slogan learned in the jungles of Coromandel. Sopher continued to emit twittering calls that ran the gamut from falsetto to bass, trotting next to Fellowes. The Fencibles followed stolidly.

The pursuit receded from the road, traversing a belt of trees which hid the antagonists from each other, bewildering both sides and presently spilled out of the grove on to a range of cultivated fields. The light was growing. Fellowes perceived in the distance, Chater's house was a white blur against a windbreak of rusted elms. Clinch launched a vigorous cutlass charge as soon as the increased visibility revealed the scanty numbers and character of the attackers.

"Come on, Badgers," the bosun encouraged his men. "Carry it to em, lads. Slice the lights out o' em! They're only militia!"

The sailors responded gallantly, coming forward in a compact group sure-footed and agile; and the militia men, caught off-balance, out of breath, most of them with their guns empty, were disposed to run despite Sergeant Peirt's angry appeals. Sopher, vocal at last, stood stockstill, wheeling his saber and crying shrilly: "Follow your captain, men! Follow your captain!"

It was Fellowes, with Tom and Cuffee, supported by Peirt, who checked the impact of the sailors, and gave the Fencibles an opportunity to rally. He flung his empty pistol into the charging group, snatched a clubbed rifle from one of the fatter militia men, and attacked Clinch himself—who recognized the Long Islander with a yell of incredulity.

"Sink me, lad! 'Ow'd ye git ere?"

"Surrender, Bob! You're cornered."

"Not me! Bob Clinch don't strike 'is colors—"

But in the midst of his defiance the knot of sailors disintegrated, as Cuffee smashed the head of one and Tom hewed a second from shoulder to waist. The Fencibles who had been on the verge of flight, were intoxicated with ferocity by their first sight of blood, and eagerly resumed the pursuit.

"Surrender, Bob," Fellowes urged again.

"Not if I know it," retorted the bosun, dodging a blow with a clubbed rifle. He parried another swing, then stooped, and grabbed a fold of Fellowes' shirt, jerking it over the Long Islander's head. Blinded and hampered, Fellowes stumbled to his knees, and by the time he had ripped off the tattered garment and scrambled up, half-naked, Clinch was safely out of reach.

The sailors recovered rapidly from their panic and made for the creek bank, halting at intervals to fire their pistols and gain a breath-spell. Daylight, Fellowes realized, would increase the timidity of his raw men, and he called anxiously to Sopher:

"We must finish this while we have the darkness for cover. One more charge! Fire a volley, and drive them into the creek."

Peirt cried valiantly: "That's the way we took 'em at Saratoga! Keep a-chargin'! The British'll run fast as any fellers if they see bay'nits to thar gizzards. Hearts up, now, boys! With powder 'n' ball—load! Present—firelocks! Aim—fire!"

The greeny powder smoke billowed across the field, and the Fencibles trotted with it, making no pretense at order, unable for the moment to see what the enemy was doing, and therefore persuaded they were beaten. Fellowes, in advance of the line and not yet blanketed by the smoke, saw the sailors fall prostrate as the Americans' muzzles jetted flame. Then Clinch's whistle piped distinct in the racket of musketry and haphazard cheering, a cannon boomed on the creek, and a host of sinister voices whined through the dank air. Grape-shot! Fellowes knew what that meant: the longboat's three-pounder had been brought to bear on them. And he knew, too, by their frightened yells, that the Fencibles were in headlong retreat.

"Peirt," he shouted. "Sergeant! Can't you hold your men? Sopher! Nimrod!"

But his only answer came from Tom Grogan, who bobbed up out of the smoke beside him.

"The old feller took a whiff o' grape 'twixt wind-and-water, mess-mate," Tom reported. "And that air milshy cap'n's off on 'tother lack under full sail, along o' the rest o' his squadrons."

"Where's Cuffee?"

The negro towered erect at mention of his name.

"Cuffee wid yo', marse," he answered simply.

"Three of us left," groaned Fellowes. "But we can't fall like this. We must take Collishaw."

They stepped out of the smoke onto the creek bank as the longboat backed into midstream. The gun in her bow no longer aimed their way, but several sailors discharged pistols at them. Collishaw, in the stern-sheets, bending over a wounded man, straightened at a word from Clinch, who held the tiller.

Fellowes waded waist-deep into the creek.

"Collishaw," he shouted. "D'you hear me, Collishaw?"

The Badger captain rose slowly to his feet, motioning to several of his crew to put aside their pistols.

"I hear you," he answered clearly.

"This is Fellowes—Lion Fellowes, whom you flogged. Will you come ashore, and fight me, man to man?"

"How did you come here, Fellowes?"

"Never mind how I came here," Fellowes waded further out, the bottom mud clutching at his feet. "Will you come ashore, and fight me, man to man? Choose your weapons, choose mine. You and all your men shall go off unarmed, whatever happens to me."

"That is impossible," the Englishman replied deliberately. "I am an officer on duty. I cannot to indulge in personal quarrels."

Gripped as he was by a rage that was volcanic in its force, Fellowes never for a second doubted the honesty of his enemy's position. Say what he might of Collishaw, he would believe the Englishman courageous—morally courageous, as well as physically. He choked down his wrath, and as Collishaw remained standing, with an effect of courtesy allowing him the last word, he called again:

"Very well, I'll come to you."

Collishaw bowed.

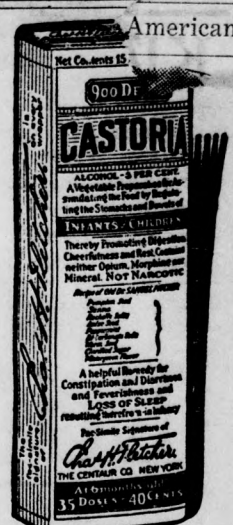
"I shall be ready, Fellowes."

He resumed his seat the long boat's oars feathered and dipped and she pulled away for the mouth of the creek, as the first pluck of the sunrise stained the east. Fellowes waded ashore, less disgruntled than he had been for Collishaw's parting words, but recognizing their equality. They were no longer captain and common sailor, superior and inferior; but two enemies, who should encounter on a level plain of enmity, honorable, however bitter the hatred which knit their interests as closely as though they had been abiding friends. And somehow hatred tasted cleaner in Fellowes' mouth—much, much cleaner than the hatred he had held for the three who remained in the farmhouse beyond the creek fields.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The upsets of Children

All children are subject to little upsets. They come at unexpected times. They seem twice as serious in the dead of night. But there's one form of comfort on which a mother can always rely; good old Castoria. This pure vegetable preparation can't harm the tiniest infant. Yet mild as it is, it soothes a restless, fretful baby like nothing else. Its quick relief soon sees the youngster comfortable once more, back to sleep. Even an attack of



colic, or diarrhea, yields to the soothing influence of Castoria. Keep Castoria in mind, and keep a bottle in the house—always. Give a few drops to any child whose tongue is coated, or whose breath is bad. Continue with Castoria until the child is grown! Every drugstore has Castoria; the genuine has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper.

If a scientist thinks his science overthrows religion, he doesn't care to discuss the matter.

Man is a pretty worthy biped. He must be, to inspire such whole-hearted affection in the dog.

How A College Athlete Keeps Himself Well

BOB DEMING of Colgate, claims that a sensible method of health has really made life a pleasure for him. Mr. Deming writes that at first he could not believe this simple thing was the cause of his buoyant spirits. Finally, however, he had to admit that it was Nujol which was keeping him well, besides giving him, as he says, "five times the vitality."

"Believe me," he says "having free and regular bodily elimination makes all the difference in the world to a diver as well as to any other athlete. I can't afford to be nervous, sluggish, or depressed while diving. It just isn't done! I would like to urge any one, whether they think they are in good health or not, to give Nujol a try-out. It certainly can't do any harm, and I'll bet it would make them feel a hundred per cent better. It's worth trying!"

Mr. Deming has just about told



Robert O. Deming, Colgate University Swimming Team.

the whole story. He is right in believing that Nujol contains no drugs, no medicines of any kind. It is tasteless and colorless as pure water. It is simply harmless internal lubrication, which your body needs as much as any other machine. Regularly as clock work, Nujol cleans out of your body those poisons which we all have, and which make us low in our minds, tired, headachy, and below par.

The way for you to find out how much better Nujol will make you feel is to try it for a few days. You can get a bottle in a sealed package at any drug store. It costs only a few cents, but it makes you feel like a million dollars. Do you know how many thousands of people keep themselves well and happy just by using Nujol? Why shouldn't you feel well all the time? You can! Get yourself a bottle of Nujol today!

It depends on you whether each day is "the daily grind" or the merry-go-round.

Trouble doesn't improve the character of a silly man as it does that of a wise one.



Any COLD

That cold may lead to something serious, if neglected. The time to do something for it is now. Don't wait until it develops into bronchitis. Take two or three tablets of Bayer Aspirin as soon as you feel a cold coming on. Or as soon as possible after it starts. Bayer Aspirin will head off or relieve the aching and feverish feeling—will stop the headache. And if your throat is affected, dissolve two or three tablets in a quarter-glassful of warm water, and gargle. This quickly soothes a sore throat and reduces inflammation and infection. Read proven directions for neuralgia, for rheumatism and other aches and pains. Genuine Bayer Aspirin is harmless to the heart.

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MEMBER CALIFORNIA STATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

Editorial

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME

After all, what greater thrill is there in life than doing a kindness for one's fellow man? A good deed is stimulating to the soul of the one who does it. No greater heritage can be left to our children than a reputation for being kind, generous and benevolent.

The American citizen of this generation should be proud to be living and doing his part in making this the greatest era of benevolence in human history. For this generation has met with a full hand the most sacred obligations of man—charity. The gifts to churches, hospitals, institutions for the care of the less fortunate, and to the relief of suffering humanity the world over, have surpassed by hundreds of millions any sums for similar purposes for any like period in the history of mankind.

America stands today as the world's greatest benefactor, and the citizens of Campbell in co-operation with millions of other kind people throughout the entire country, have enabled the nation to achieve this enviable distinction. May Campbell always be known as a community with a heart—a community that responds to the cries of suffering regardless of where the call may come from.

While we must hearken to the cry for aid the world over, we must take care that we do not become oblivious to the needs of our less fortunate neighbors right here in Campbell. Charity still begins at home, and there could be no higher aim of charity for the people of Campbell than to properly care for the needy ones of our community, and finally abolish poverty altogether.

Local charity should not be considered an individual effort, but a co-operative community effort. Through the co-operation of every resident contributing his time and resources as best he can, we can achieve a standard of charity in this community that will cause Campbell to be stamped indelibly upon the minds of all as a community with a heart.

BARRING WORTHY CITIZENS

Again has an applicant of the highest qualifications of character and intellect been denied citizenship in the United States. The petitioner is the Rev. Douglas Clyde Macintosh, professor of theology at Yale university. A federal district court, in finding him unfit for the privileges of an American citizen, declared:

It appearing that the said petitioner, considering his allegiance to be first to the will of God, would not promise in advance to bear arms in defense of the United States under all circumstances, but only if he believed the war to be morally justified, it is:

Decreed that the petitioner is not attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and further decreed that said petition for citizenship is denied.

Are not such decisions as these depriving the United States of one of its highest types of citizen? Can it be truly said that Professor Macintosh, who asserts the right not to take life in war unless he believes that war morally justifiable, is "unattached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States?" Let us consider these questions.

The United States has believed it to be compatible with the Constitution to pledge itself to settle all international disputes of every character and of every cause by peaceful means. The only exigency that could draw the United States into war under its obligations under the Pact of Paris would be such violation of the treaty as would cause the nation to take up arms in self defense. For courts to deprive Professor Macintosh of the privileges of citizenship because he would not "promise in advance to bear arms unless he believed a war morally justified" is to assume that the United States might at some time engage in a war which would not appeal to the moral intelligence of the nation. In face of the fact that the United States has itself renounced all war except in self defense, this is an assumption which is unjustified by the facts and which affronts the good faith and wisdom of the American people and the American government.

This same determination to apply hypothetical questions and to conjure up hypothetical conditions when examining petitioners for citizenship is similarly manifest in the recent case of Margaret D. Webb of Richmand, Ind. In this instance Mrs. Webb readily declared herself willing to engage in any form of noncombatant war service and to give her life for her country if necessary. Even this earnestness of character did not commend itself as sufficient to make a good citizen. "If the law were changed," said the examiner, "compelling women to fight, what

would you do?" Her answer was, "I could not fight," and this apparently settled the matter. Here again is an assumption of legal changes which have been proposed and which would force the nation's prospective citizens to conform to conditions which do not exist.

If such interpretations of the naturalization laws are sound, then the law should be amended and the United States no longer deprived of a caliber of citizen who has already served the nation from pioneer to president.

—Christian Science Monitor

THE MODERN "MAN ON HORSEBACK"

At a dangerous street corner in New York city where two street car lines cross at an angle in front of a subway station and heavy crosstown traffic complicates an already difficult situation, stands a large sign in the shape of a tombstone. It reads "Sacred to the Memory of 1,864 persons killed by automobiles in the city this year." The number is changed every day. It never grows smaller; the dead do not come back to life.

Ohio for some years marked the scene of every fatal accident on a state highway with a white cross. It is reported that the state has abandoned this practice; the crosses became too thick in some spots. This is a step in the wrong direction. Warnings like that may be disregarded and usually are by motorists, but enough drivers will be shocked into at least temporary caution to be more careful at that particular spot.

It is not merely for the protection of drivers and their passengers that such warnings are needed. The man on foot still has first rights on the highway, and his life is as valuable as that of the man who rides. Out of all the immense toll of motor deaths in 1929, nearly a third were of pedestrians struck by automobiles.

In the old feudal days in Europe the man on horseback felt that he was a superior being, the poor people who had no horses had to agree with him or be ridden down. One of the things our fathers came to America for was to change all that. It would almost seem as if we were losing ground. There is something about driving a car which makes many persons utterly reckless of the rights of others. That these reckless ones are not always very young and are not necessarily intoxicated, only makes the situation all the worse.

A GREAT AMERICAN

Edward Bok came to this country from Holland at the age of six. He died the other day at 66. In his 60 years of life in America he set an example of Americanism which every native born citizen would do well to emulate.

No more inspiring record of a man's life has ever been written than Bok's own autobiography. "The Americanization of Edward Bok" ought to have a place in every school library; it should be required reading in every course in civics.

It is the fashion among critics who sneer at everything which has made America great to belittle Bok and his work. He did more than any other man to make American homes more beautiful, American family life more attractive, to establish new and higher standards of good taste and to turn the minds of Americans toward the appreciation of beauty and culture in all forms. All this as the editor of a woman's magazine. But he made a fortune and that, of course, is the unpardonable sin in the eyes of the unsuccessful and the incompetent!

This Girl Can Shoot



Nevada Taihelm, a student at the University of Kansas, made the perfect score of ten bullseyes in the Intercollegiate Girls' Rifle Match.

Fellowship Supper At Methodist Church

There will be a fellowship supper at the Methodist church on Friday evening of this week, Jan. 31, at 6:30 o'clock. The decorations will conform to the four seasons of the year, and each table represents a season. The table representing spring is to be in charge of Mrs. W. R. Saveker and Miss Mary Roddeck, those for summer under the direction of Mrs. R. E. Stubbe and Mrs. E. R. Kennedy, while Mrs. Freeman Howes and Mrs. Harry Lohr will have charge of the autumn table. Mrs. W. N. Lloyd and Mrs. G. E. Farley will direct the winter tables. Mrs. C. E. Byrnes, president of the Ladies Aid, is taking reservations for the supper.

A program appropriate to all of the seasons will follow the supper.

Scout Court Of Honor Held At M. E. Church

The Boy Scout court of honor was held at the Methodist church last Sunday evening with a full house of parents and friends in attendance. At the court scouts were presented with tokens of their advancement in the scout work. Rev. A. S. Buell led the opening exercises and Rev. J. H. Bennett delivered the tokens.

The cub scouts to receive the red feather were Milton Bachman, Joe and Tom Bohnett, Tom and George Cilker, Eldred Coupland, David Farley, Sanford Hedegard, Basil Howes, Lloyd Johnson, Warren Johnson, Jack Kopp, Frank Lopes, Alan Smith, George Theeler, Dick Vaughn and George Wellington. Edward Kersgaard received a blue feather.

Those presented with second class badges were Dennis Bennett, Eugene Brown, Theodore Cutting, Robert James, Alfred Kersgaard, Reynold Keesling, Wesley Lantz, William Rambo, Philip Robson, Everette Strong.

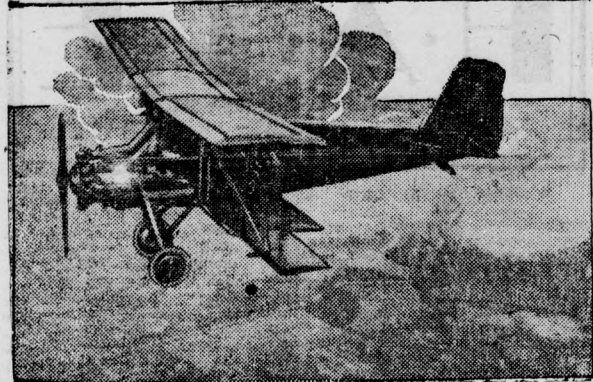
Bobbie Thompson and Bob Bryden were given their tenderfoot badges.

The star scout badge was presented to Norman McVey. Byron Bollinger, John Canuel, Kermit Van Every, Norman McVey and Robert Pomeroy were winners of the merit badge.

Several musical numbers by the choir and solos by Leonard Willis and O. C. Nickols furnished music during the intermission. Rev. J. H. Bennett and Dr. W. I. Merrill each gave a short talk to the boys.

among the offerings being four songs by Mrs. Howes, a solo by Richard Saveker, a duet by the M.ses Powell and a recitation by Margaret Tanner.

Wins Air Safety Prize



The \$100,000 cash award of the Guggenheim Foundation for the safest airplane was won by the new Curtiss Tanager, shown here in flight above Long Island.



Just For Fun

A COLUMN OF FUN AND FACTS

By Haliwell & Jones

HOWDY FOLKS—A manufacturer of neckties offers a prize for new designs. We predict that if a woman wins it, boards will return to favor.

According to Dan Clark nearly all the radio announcers are married. Well, a man with an affectionate voice like that couldn't fail if he really tried.



THIS IS DOAKES MBATHWATER, WHO SUGGESTS THAT THEY INCORPORATE THE RATTLE OF A COCKTAIL SHAKER IN THE GREAT AMERICAN SYMPHONY.

Headline:
FIGHT USHERS IN TUXEDOS

Ushers in tuxedos should be fought

A new trial has been ordered in Arizona merely because one of the jurors passing on a bottle case came to court drunk. Isn't a man entitled to a trial by his peers?

Hard Hearted Hannah says, "The hard part about teaching the kid good manners is to tell him without showing him."

Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling? What? A rich man's wife, flush for the first time in her life, spending money like a kid in a candy store.

IT'S ALSO A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING TO MOTOR ON THE SECURITY OF GOODYEAR ALL-WEATHER BALLOONS. LET US FIT THE OLD BUS WITH A NEW SET.

HALIWELL & JONES
 OPPOSITE SCHOOLS—PH. 111
 Campbell, California

"DRAMA SERMON" WILL BE STAGED AT LOCAL CHURCH

In use among a great many eastern churches to popularize Sunday evening meetings, according to the Rev. J. H. Bennett of the Congregational church, is the "drama sermon." This form of address utilizes the human interest material for sermon purposes and combines both the appeal to the ear and the appeal to the eye. It has the attractiveness of high grade entertainment and also the inspiration and uplift of religious worship. Such great dramas as the "King of Kings," "Quo Vadis," "Ben Hur," "The Ten Commandments," "The Fool," etc., are wonderfully impressive when thus presented in picture and story.

This type of program has been perfected by Dr. Henry R. Rose, of Newark, N. J., who has assembled a wealth of material, covering the best of popular dramas, but recently, the drama sermon material has not been obtainable on the Pacific coast. However, arrangements have now been made so that by co-operating with a number of other ministers, Rev. Bennett reports that he has been able to obtain the material for the showing of this type of sermon. Already several western ministers have presented these sermons which, according to reports, have been received with considerable enthusiasm.

The first drama sermon will be at the Congregational church this Sunday evening, Jan. 26, at 7:30 p. m. The presentation will be "The King of Kings."

PRUNE GROWERS MEETING HERE

President C. D. Cavalero presided over the open meeting of the Campbell-Los Gatos Prune and Apricot Growers' association held in the Campbell grammar school auditorium last Friday evening. Captain Emig of the San Jose Traffic bureau gave a very interesting and vital talk on the rules of traffic, giving the substance of the various ordinances and the importance of obeying them. He showed moving pictures to more clearly emphasize his subject. Warren Rice, Sheldon Klug, Joseph Brooks and C. D. Cavalero each spoke briefly. The high school orchestra, with A. A. Thielke directing, played a number of selections. Refreshments were served at the close of a very successful evening.

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GUNMAN'S BLUFF

Edgar Wallace

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SECOND INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS

Margaret Leferre, engaged to marry Luke Maddison, wealthy banker, is with him when he encounters Gunner Haynes, an American crook, apparently by accident, in a London hotel lobby. Danton Morrell, a friend of Margaret's brother Rex, is watching them, and wonders whether the Gunner recognizes him after seven years. That night Rex is found dead with a revolver by his side and a note addressed to his sister saying that he has been ruined by taking Luke Maddison's advice. Morrell tells Maddison later that Rex cashed a check for 18,000 pounds ostensibly signed by Maddison. Now go on with the story:

"My name was forged to it. I did not give Rex a check for that amount. I have been making inquiries. I find that he was heavily involved in a derelict West African gold-mining syndicate, most of the shares of which you bought for a song less than a year ago. He has been buying these shares on margin and they have been steadily dropping in value. On the day he paid you 10,500 pounds there came another demand for a larger amount."

Danty's heart sank, though he gave no visible evidence of his perturbation. This man knew more than he had dreamed could be known. Here was a crisis in Mr.

I thought I saw somebody come in whilst I was waiting in the street outside."

Luke nodded curtly.

"Mr. Danton Morrell," he said.

"Do you know him?"

The Sparrow smiled.

"As one knows the Lord Mayor from a distance, I'm humble. You never find me barging in on society. I've had one dress suit in 17 years and wear it twice a year—once for the police dinner and once to give the moths a cold."

"Do you know anything about him?"

The Sparrow's wide smile grew wider.

"His name and address—and that's as much as any policeman wants to know about anybody. Bad business, this young Leferre case, Mr. Maddison. You don't want to appear in it, I suppose?"

Luke looked at him, startled.

"If? How on earth do I come into it?"

Mr. Bird coughed.

"Well, you do and you don't," he said. "I happened to search the body and the room. I found three loose checks on the Northern and Southern bank—that's where you keep your private account, ain't it? And this—" Very leisurely he took out a fat and worn leather case from his pocket, laid it flat on the desk and rummaged in the inside. After a while he found what he was looking for—two folded sheets

said. The check was drawn by me and signed by me."

Mr. Bird rose with a sigh.

"You're too kind to the criminal classes, Mr. Maddison," he said. "No wonder Gunner Haynes thinks you're a good feller—six months he got yesterday for being a suspected person. What a man! When I tried to pump him about your friend he wouldn't let on that he knew him even."

"Morell?" Luke was thrown off his guard, as he saw by the Sparrow's grin.

"That's the name. What's the use of talking at cross-purposes? He's the—"

"I know nothing about Morell," Luke was emphatic. "He was a friend of Rex's—of Mr. Leferre's. I'd rather not discuss him."

The Sparrow sighed again, gathered up the papers on which the unfortunate Rex had practised the signature and stuffed them back in his pocket book.

"Nobody helps the police," he said dolefully. "All hands are against the natural guardians of the poor. I'll be getting along."

He offered a limp hand and went heavily out of the room. The door had hardly closed upon him before the telephone rang, and for the first time since the tragedy Luke heard the voice of the woman he loved.

"Will you see me tomorrow, Luke?" Her voice was very low.

"Now, if I may—darling, let me come to you now!"

But her level voice denied him. "Tomorrow—after this ghastly business. Luke, did Rex owe you any money?"

The unexpectedness of the question threw him off his balance, and when Luke Maddison was flurried he was invariably incoherent, for the same reason as others are incoherent in the circumstances—he thought too quickly for speech.

"Yes—but it isn't worth discussing. He was heavily insured, you know, and I don't think the policy is invalidated . . ."

He heard the quick breath and grew panic-stricken.

"I was thinking of you—that there was no need to worry about his affairs. He owes me practically nothing."

"Will you see me tomorrow?"

Before he could reply he heard the click of the hook being depressed.

"I see no reason in the world why the wedding should be postponed, Luke."

The hideous business of coroner's inquisition was only a day old, and an accountant's statement that the dead boy's affairs were involved was accepted and no details were asked.

Margaret Leferre could not understand herself; her own calm astonished her. Had she ever loved this suave man who stood before her, apparently agreeing, as though Rex were his dearest friend? Sometimes she was afraid that he would read her loathing of him in her eyes—she was amazed to find herself telling him now, with the greatest calmness and in a tone that was sadly sweet, that she saw no reason why the ceremony should be postponed.

"My poor darling!"

He took her in his arms, and she did not resist. Rather, she raised her cold lips to his, and hated herself. But the Judas kiss was his, not hers—that was a tattered comfort.

"There is nothing in the world I would not do to make life a little more smooth for you," he was saying. "If money could buy you happiness I would begar myself!"

She smiled faintly at this. Here was a man ready to betray his gods.

He had ruined Rex; he had always hated him. She remembered half-forgotten phrases of his, little irritated comments upon Rex's carelessness in financial matters.

He put her at arm's length and scrutinized her a little sadly. The pallor and the soft shadows beneath her eyes gave her an unearthly loveliness.

"Naturally I've been worried sick. What a fool I was on the phone to talk of insurances—it was indecent. I just didn't know what to say—"

"Luke, are you awfully rich?" She was always staggering him with questions like that.

"Why—yes, I suppose I am. The bank isn't doing terribly well—on the trading side. We are merchants as well, you know—but I have over

half a million private fortune. I thought you knew."

She smiled faintly.

"I have never asked you. I'm worried about poverty. We have been poor—desperately. My father left us nothing, poor dear. It must be wonderful to be so rich—to have command of money—never to be bothered about bills, never feel the frantic urge to go out and earn something."

He was regarding her in open-mouthed astonishment.

"But I never knew, my dear, how awful! I thought you had an income?"

She shook her head. This time she was not acting.

"If money will give you a sense of security, and of course it will, I'll why I'd give you control of every cent I have in the world—"

He saw her incredulous smile and was angry with himself, as though in that gesture of unbelief he detected some reservation, some gesture of insincerity in his offer.

"Why not? Thousands of men put all their property in their wives' names. It's a sane thing to do—it keeps a man steady and it will make us really partners. Wait."

He was at the phone—as eager as enthusiastic as a boy pursuing some new and delightful idea.

"Luke, is that your lawyer you're calling?"

Conscience overwhelmed her with a sudden fear; she realized for the first time the enormity of her treachery and was terrified.

"Yes, Hilton—it is Luke Maddison speaking . . . you had the draft of the antenuptial contract? Well, include everything! You have the list of my securities? . . . Yes, all. And the cash in bank—everything. My interest in Maddison's . . . no, I'm not mad!"

"You are!" She was standing by him now, her face white as death. The words came tremulously.

"You're mad, Luke—I didn't mean it."

(Continued Next Week)

Mrs. Josephine La Brbara was very pleasantly surprised by a host of her friends at her home last Monday evening. The evening was spent in playing cards, after which refreshments were served.

Penhall's Barber Shop—All instruments and combs sterilized before and after each customer. Service with sanitation.

WHITE LEGHORNS
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Italy's Future Queen



Princess Marie Jose of Belgium, whose marriage to Crown Prince Humbert of Italy was a love-match, unlike many royal weddings.

A Great American



The late Edward Bok, author, journalist and philanthropist, who came to this country from Holland at the age of six and made himself one of the nation's most useful citizens.

LOCAL STUDENTS RECEIVE HONOR

Sixteen students of the high school, all active members of the school orchestra, have had the honor of being chosen for a seat in the County Symphony. The Symphony is sponsored by the San Jose Musicians' union and is the outcome of a contest held some time ago by the union. It is a young people's organization and is for the purpose of keeping the better class of music before the public. They will play for all kinds of charity work and for educational purposes.

Those taken from the Campbell high orchestra are Mildred Pyle, Vivian Hornberger, Mary Call, Chester Blyther, Choy Chariski, Willis Noethig and Ethel Kirk, solo violinists; Rhoda Pyle, viola; Reed Hall, drums; Mark Pasquino, bassoon; Harold Gardner, trumpet.

The regular meeting of the Tull-Husi group of Camp Fire girls was held at the home of their guardian, Mrs. Violet Bohnett, last Tuesday. After a short business session and refreshments the members left on a theater party.

Margaret Keesling, flute; Marjorie Keesling, cello; Ernest Keesling, double B flat bass horn; Veva Nickols, piano, and Ray Verdere, bass clarinet.

A. A. Thielke, who for several years has been director of the Campbell school orchestra, has been chosen director of the County Symphony and is assisted by Miss Constance Frazier, musical supervisor of the Santa Clara High school, E. Paiton, musical supervisor at the Gilroy high school and Earl Adam of Stanford.

Altogether the symphony will include 94 persons of which 25 are professionals.



Morell's affairs which might easily lead him to ruin and undo all those fine schemes of his.

"I do not exactly know what you are suggesting," he said. "My interest in the company is a very slight one, and I was horrified when I learned that Rex had been gambling in the shares. I give you the fullest permission to make any investigation you wish."

Luke opened the drawer of his desk and took out a check. From where he sat Danty thought the signature was a tolerably good forgery. He had thought so when Rex had brought the check to him. It is the simplest thing in the world to forge a name, and so far as he had been able to judge there were no flaws in Rex Leferre's essay in that dangerous game.

"You realize what is wrong with this check?" asked Luke.

The other shook his head.

"Are you suggesting that I knew the check was forged?" he asked. Before he could reply there was a tap at the door and Luke looked up angrily.

"Come in," he said.

It was the apologetic manager. "I am sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Maddison, but will you see Mr. Bird of Scotland Yard?"

In spite of his self-possession Danty half rose from his seat. The Sparrow was the last man in the world he wanted to meet that morning.

Luke thought for a minute.

"Just a moment."

He rose and opened the door leading to the corridor.

"I shall want to see you again about this check, Mr. Morell," he said.

"Why not see me now?"

It was a challenge, but Luke Maddison could sense its security.

"Mr. Bird has come to see me on quite another matter," he said.

"In due course we will interview him together."

He closed the door on his visitor as the Sparrow was shown in through the other door. Mr. Bird came heavily into the room and favored every corner with a long scrutiny.

"Havin' a visitor, Mr. Maddison?"

of paper, evidently torn from a school exercise book. He smoothed these flat and Luke saw a succession of signatures, one under the other: "Luke Maddison — Luke Maddison."

"Looks almost as though you'd been scribbling absentmindedly." The detective's shrewd eyes were on the young banker. "But at the same time I couldn't imagine a business man like you doin' anything so silly! If you'll excuse the liberty, I called at the Northern & Southern bank yesterday afternoon but they were reticent—reticent! is a good word—and referred me to you. But by an underhanded and despicable trick I found that young Mr. Leferre cashed a check the other day for 18,000 pounds."

"Yes—I gave him a check for that amount."

The Sparrow was frankly skeptical.

"Did you now? Maybe you'd like to show me the counterfoil of that check?"

For a second Luke was taken aback.

"If there were any reason for doing so, I could," he said coldly. "but I see no reason."

Mr. Bird was not abashed; he leaned his huge arms on the table, and when he spoke his voice was serious.

"I've no right to ask—I'm not the sort of man who would attempt to pull a bluff on a gentleman like you. I'll put my cards on the table. That check was met in notes and I want to know where those notes went. There's a bird in London I want to catch. I've got one of the best little cages for him that ever was built, and while its empty so is my heart. If that check was a forgery it might get the deceased a bad name, but it would make it very easy for me to pull in a certain man for 'uttering.'"

"I'll tell you the truth, Mr. Maddison; I want that man's finger prints so much that I wonder I don't knock him down in the street and take 'em!"

Luke's eyes were averted; he gave no sign until the detective had finished.

"I'm sorry I can't help you," he

Service

. . . All that the word implies is available at the Haliwell & Jones Service Station . . . Our complete line of Goodyear Tires makes it possible for you to secure the rapid installation of new rubber on your car . . . You are assured of accurate inflation and proper repairs when our competent workmen look after your tires . . . In addition to our unsurpassed tire service we are equipped to do high pressure grease jobs on all makes of cars . . . We maintain a battery department and dispense General Violet Ray Gasoline and all the popular brands of motor lubricants . . . Let us serve you . . .

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Opposite Schools

Campbell

KITTY and TOMMY

A Story for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

There are some cousins of the cat family known as the banded ocelot family, and they come from South America and Central America.

They had given themselves quite simple names, however, so it would not be hard for people to call them by name, and for the keeper to speak to them, using their names.

There was one named Tiger and one named Puss, Kitty, Lucifer, Mrs. Coal and Snow.

They were names which they had heard had been given to their cousins, the cats.

"It's so much nicer," said Tommy "to be called by a good, friendly name."

"Somehow there is nothing at all friendly, nor even sociable about the family name of banded ocelot. But then cats are always called by special names, and not just called cats, so we should be allowed nice extra names anyhow."

"I'm really rather an interesting animal, when one comes to think of it," he continued.

"Who is coming to think of it?" asked Kitty.

"I mean when I come to think of it," said Tommy.



Have a Cat Nap.

"You've been here all the time. What do you mean by saying you have come to think of it?" asked

Kitty. "From where have you come? From where, I repeat?"

"You're putting on airs and pretending you've been away for a journey, when you've not moved from home at all."

"Don't get so excited, Kitty; you remind me of our other cousins."

"When a creature says he has come to think of a certain thing he means that he has just arrived at the point where he is thinking about it, that's all."

"A lot of senseless words about nothing at all," said Kitty, snarling.

"Purr, my love, purr," said Tommy. "There is nothing to get excited about."

"Have a cat nap."

"What's that?" asked Kitty. She liked the sound of the word nap.

"It's a sort of sleep enjoyed by our honored cousins, the cats."

"Haven't we any ocelot naps?" asked Kitty.

"To be sure," said Tommy, "but it's much easier to say cat nap. It means a nice little snooze with one eye half open ready for anything that may happen—from a morsel of food or a bowl of milk to an adventure and a wild chase."

"I know about such naps," said Kitty, as she purred. "I've had many a one myself."

"I haven't told you why we were interesting," said Tommy.

"All right, tell me."

"We're half way between the tiger family and the cat family, and no other creatures are like us."

"We purr and meow like cats. We're wild like tigers sometimes."

"We're like the domestic cats and we're like the animals of the jungle!"

And all the banded ocelots who were listening purred as they agreed with Tommy and said:

"Meow, what you say is true."

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Shows Stars' Distance

A parsec is a unit of length used in expressing the distance of stars. One parsec is almost exactly 26,283 times the mean distance of the earth from the sun. A star is at a distance of one parsec from the earth if its annual parallax amounts to one second of arc.

TASTY FOODS

By NELLIE MAXWELL

Glory to them, the toilers of the earth
Who wrought with knotted hands in wood and stone
Dreams their unlettered minds could not give birth
And symmetries their souls had never known.
Glory to them the Artisans who spread
Cathedral-like brown lace before the sun
Who could not build a rhyme, but reared instead
The Doric grandeur of the Parthenon.

WHEN preparing a salad, it will be much more palatable, especially if of vegetables, to marinate it for an hour or more in the following:

Salad Marinade.—Mix thoroughly six tablespoons of lemon juice, three tablespoons of oil, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and the same of onion juice. When serving add a spoonful or two of any desired salad dressing.

Lemon Mincemeat.—Take one cupful of raisins, three cupfuls of chopped apple, one-half cupful of chopped nuts, one-fourth cupful of

candied orange peel or orange marmalade, one-half cupful of lemon juice, two cupfuls of sugar, one half teaspoonful of salt, two tea spoonfuls of cinnamon, one tea spoonful each of cloves and ginger. Scald, drain and chop the raisins, mix all the ingredients, adding to each pie one-fourth cupful of melted butter. Chopped snet, one-half cupful, will take the place of the butter and may be scalded with the raisins. This amount will make two pies.

Fruit Cake.—Take one and one-half cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of currant, grape or plum jelly, one cupful of butter, one-half pound of citron cut thin, three cupfuls of flour, two pounds of raisins, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful each of mace, cinnamon and nutmeg, juice and grated rind of one lemon, one pound of currants, one-half cupful of grape juice, one pound of dates, three-fourths of a cupful of almonds shredded, five eggs, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Steam two hours, and then bake one hour.

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Poor Eyesight Did Not Halt Cupid

The Weekly Short Story—By GENEVRA COOK

"TRAIN going North! Allen town, College Hill, Buffalo, and way stations! All aboard!"

Coralie Stevens pulled off her blue felt hat, brushed the bright curls back from her forehead, and leaned close to the window to wave good-by to the family as the train slid out of the station. Then with a guilty little giggle, her cheeks bright with excitement, she took off the shell-rimmed glasses which were the bane of her existence, and put them carefully but stealthily into the bottom of her suitcase.

Away from home and the advice of her guiding family for the first time in her life, Coralie never, not once all summer, wear those hated glasses. Not at summer school would she be called "The girl with the goggles!"

The rest of the journey on the train was to Coralie only an indistinct blur. When she looked out of the window she could see only a maze of greenness or of brownness whizzing by. The truth is that Coralie was near-sighted.

Two days later, Coralie leaned luxuriously back in the rooster of her new roommate, Betty Baldwin, and gave herself up to the fun of the evening. Betty, who had been here before, took a crowd of girls from the dorm down to Lakeside to watch the dancing. Since none of them knew anyone there, they

sat away to the lulling rhythm of the music, balanced precariously on the edge of a deserted ice cream stand, and gazed wistfully at the gay swirl of dancers inside the pavilion.

Suddenly at the far end of the pavilion there was the bang of a great explosion and up from the roof shot a mass of roaring flames! "Fire! Fire!" The cry was echoed through the filmy wooden dance hall, and with a confused medley of shouting and shrieking the dancers broke for the door.

"Come on," called Betty, and the girls jumped from their perch and dashed across the lawn. Coralie hadn't gone three steps before she stopped, bewildered. She couldn't see where the girls had gone!

Coralie heard some one shout. "They're all out!" Then there was a ripping and tearing and a rushing noise, and with a great shudder the frame of the building fell, and in its place there shot up tongues of flame to the very sky.

If only Coralie could see to find the girls! Pushing desperately through the crowd, she at last reached the drive. Perhaps they were over there where Betty had parked; she started to cross. She didn't see the car until suddenly headlights flashed blindingly in her eyes, saw it bearing down upon her, heard the screaming of brakes, a

woman's shrill cry, felt herself pushed headlong—then felt nothing more.

Coralie's head was throbbing madly. She stirred, gave a little cry of pain, and rolled over. "If only I'd worn my glasses," she thought, "all this wouldn't have happened."

She opened her eyes. Bending over her, scooping up water from the nearby lake to bathe her face, was a tall, personable youth with dark wavy hair. Coralie was grateful for the water, but she was more grateful still that he was bending so low that she could see what he looked like!

"Hello!" he said cheerfully. "I'm awfully glad you're better."

Coralie smiled up at him. "Thank you. And I—I guess you must have saved my life, too. What happened?"

He was excessively modest. It appeared, but she gathered from his somewhat diffident answers to her questioning that he had pushed her out of the way of the car.

"And I've seen you before, too," he added, "on the train coming up. I got on at Allentown, and I noticed you because you had such lovely eyes!"

Then suddenly Betty Baldwin was there, and the girls, their voices shrill with excitement. "Oh, Coralie, are you all right?" "Oh,

I'm so glad!" "When we lost you, we were scared to death!" "Why, hello, Bucky!" "So you, we've met each other?" "No?" "Well, Coralie, may I introduce Bucky Norris, the captain of next year's football team at the U? Bucky, this is Coralie Stevens, the—"

"Well, now that we've been introduced," Bucky smiled down at her, "do you think I might take you home in my car?"

When Bucky's car slid to a stop in the front of the dorm, Betty and the girls, who had driven hard, fast and furious over the bumpy dirt road from the lake for just this little scene, hovered excitedly in the shadows of the veranda.

Down in the car, Bucky and Coralie, all oblivious of these attendant spirits, were playing a game which hasn't any name, but it always begins: "I think the nicest thing about you is—"

"Your protectiveness," breathed Coralie. "The wonderful way you took care of me!"

"Your eyes!" whispered Bucky. "There's something about them, Coralie—something like stars and angels. I—I think your eyes have it!"

What is it that makes them so big and wide and dreamy, Coralie?

Coralie knew what it was, but she didn't tell him. She only lifted her eyes to his.

Back on the veranda Betty leaned forward to whisper to the girls: "I make a motion we go in and leave them alone. All those in favor—say 'Aye.'"

The Ayes had it.

(Copyright.)

LOVELY COLORINGS IN SPRING FELTS



AND again fashion tempts with alluring felt for spring. It is their lovely colorings which attract first. These include such alluring hues as cornflower blue, the new aqua tone, haze pink, apricot, lavender and violet tints, yellows, warm browns, lively beige shades, firebrand red, bright navy and a whole host of exquisite pastels not mentioned here, which leads one to conclude that whatever the tone or tint of the frock or coat, it can be and should be topped with a matching felt hat. Also these gay felts add a freshening touch of color to midwinter furs.

Many interesting things are be-

ing done with felts. They are being tucked—even shirred, so thin and workable are some—and the newest of the new is the perforated or cutout felts, some of which are eyelet embroidered.

There is a tendency toward higher crowns and widened brims, and especially toward side-manipulated brims with unique eyebrow lines, which so often conceal the hair.

It is scarcely necessary to describe the felt models in the picture. Collectively they emphasize the importance of felt, individually they stress certain outstanding features. For instance, of the two larger models, the hat at the top sports a little flaring cuff across the back neckline, which is closely stitched with silver thread. Metal stitching, by the way, on felt shapes is done either row-and-row or sometimes very decoratively in plaid effects, triangles and in other interesting motifs. Gold, silver, copper and bronze threads are used singly or en suite.

The other hat to the right emphasizes the forehead-revealing vogue which is being carried into spring silhouettes.

The smaller pictures emphasize those types which are not especially blocked, deriving their individual character from the manner in which the soft brims are turned up with a view to achieving becomingness to the wearer.

When a "first" hat is not felt, then it is very apt to stress felt in combination with straw or fabric or ribbon.

The new collections include many taffeta hats which are handsomely embroidered or allover stitched in self color. These follow the lead of felts, in their bright tones and pastel tints.

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Clean Kidneys By Drinking Lots of Water

Take Salts to Flush Kidneys If Bladder Bothers or Back Hurts

Eating too much rich food may produce kidney trouble in some form, says a well-known authority, because the acids created excite the kidneys. Then they become overworked, get sluggish, clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region, rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, begin drinking lots of good water and also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity; also to neutralize the acids in the system so that they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to help keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus often avoiding serious kidney disorders.

To Cool a Burn

Use HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

Not a Best Seller
She—When does a book become a classic?
He—When people who haven't read it begin to say they have.

SLEEPLESSNESS

Successfully Fought in this Scientific Way

When a thousand different thoughts keep you from falling into peaceful sleep, REMEMBER KOENIG'S NERVINE. Contains no habit forming drugs. For years a household by-word of proven benefit in the treatment of Nervousness, Nervous Indigestion and Nervous Irritability. Agencies All Over the World.

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KOENIG'S NERVINE

Strain

"How are you getting along, girlie?"

"Oh, all right. But it is quite a task being modern."

Dainty white dresses for baby or daughter made beautiful by Russ Ball Blue. Your Grocer has it.—Adv.

Pen is mightier than the sword and it also draws better pay.

"Lucile is the Happiest Girl"

So many mothers nowadays talk about giving their children fruit juices, as if this were a new discovery. As a matter of fact, for over fifty years, mothers have been accomplishing results far surpassing anything you can secure from home prepared fruit juices, by using pure, wholesome California Fig Syrup, which is prepared under the most exacting laboratory supervision from ripe California Figs, richest of all fruits in laxative and nourishing properties.

It's marvelous to see how bilious, weak, feverish, sallow, constipated, under-nourished children respond to its gentle influence; how their breath clears up, color flames in their cheeks, and they become sturdy, playful, energetic again. A Western mother, Mrs. H. J. Stoll, Valley P. O., Nebraska, says: "My little daughter, Roma Lucile, was constipated from babyhood. I became worried about her and decided to give her some California Fig Syrup. It stopped her constipation quick; and the way it improved her color and made her pick up made me realize how run-down she had been. She is so sturdy and well now, and always in such good humor that neighbors say she's the happiest girl in the West."

Like all good things, California Fig Syrup is limited, but you can always get the genuine by looking for the name "California" on the carton.



SUCH IS LIFE—Ready to Resume

By Charles Sughrue





Charity Begins at Home

The most charitable and philanthropic individual in all the world is the American citizen. Many times each year the cry for aid comes through the ether waves from all four corners of the earth and as soon as these distress signals reach our ears, America responds generously, bountifully. Regardless of when a catastrophe may strike, no matter where starving women and children may be in need; America responds immediately. We succor the needy, we relieve distress, we feed the starving, whenever the need arises, the world over. **America is the world's greatest benefactor.** May this national characteristic be forever one of the outstanding qualities of the American citizen!

An analysis shows that while we are promoting the welfare of humanity in far lands, often we overlook those in dire distress in our immediate locality. **Charity should begin at home.** We are foregoing one of life's greatest opportunities if we fail to answer the cries of our needy neighbors. What more worthy charity can be found than to restore the minimum standards of living to every family in our own town.

In the average community, from five to ten per cent of all families are in need of charitable assistance. The chief causes of this poverty are: Unemployment, sickness and family difficulties. Temporary financial assistance, proper care, counsel and advice fulfill the charitable needs of most charity cases.

The leading cause of poverty—unemployment—may be eliminated, as has been pointed out, by building a bigger and better community. Every member of this community should have the **opportunity to earn. Constant employment** should be offered to every citizen.

Of next importance in the elimination of poverty, is to keep people employable—that is, physically, mentally and morally fit. Sickness is largely preventable. However, in cases where the community has a standard of health and prevention measures, and charitable assistance is necessary on account of sickness, then trained medical charity is necessary. There is no greater corps of unacknowledged, unselfish, conscientious charity workers than the doctors, dentists, nurses and hospitals in every community.

About one-third of all charity cases are the result of mismanagement of personal and family affairs. These cases can best be handled through the personal contact of church leaders, civic and commercial organizations and the sympathetic understanding of individual citizens and business men.

The best form of charity and social welfare work of which a community can boast lies in simple, friendly, neighborly advice and help; the counsel of the church, the interest of the school, and help on the part of the employer and the merchant—this is a **real** form of social service.

When we are called upon to contribute our time and money for local charity, let's all respond immediately and gladly. Let's help create a "Community With a Heart" for

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DR. ERNEST A. ABBOTT
Dentist
Rm. 6, Porter Bldg., San Jose
Phone San Jose 2447

Masonic Notice
Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif.
Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Robt. Scholz, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge
No. 42 Meets every
Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall.
Sojourning members are cordially
invited to attend the lodge meet-
ings. Lester Brackett, Noble Grand
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday
Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secty.

Mrs. Gilmore Duncan Buried At Oak Hill

Funeral services were held Mon-
day, Jan. 27, for Mrs. Mary Dun-
can, wife of Gilmore Duncan. Mrs.
Duncan passed away at her home
in Hollister last Friday. She is
survived by her husband, four
daughters and four sons, and a sis-
ter, Mrs. Emily Campbell of this
city. Mrs. Duncan was a native of
California and was well known in
this community. Interment was
made at Oak Hill cemetery.

The Pundita Circle will meet
with Mrs. D. H. Cramer this Wed-
nesday afternoon with Mrs. George
Burrow presiding. Mrs. L. J. Car-
boni is in charge of the meeting.
The following meeting will be with
Mrs. Burrow Feb. 5.

John Smith and Val Lamber
of Pierson, Iowa, are guests at the
home of Mr. and Mrs. James Math-
ena.

Mrs. J. M. Campbell, trained
nurse, arrived Sunday from Omaha
to take care of her sister, Mrs.
Paris Henderson of Cambrian cor-
ners. Mrs. Henderson has been ill
for some time.

H. V. Hook has left Campbell
for a brief stay in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Henderson
of San Luis Obispo were week-end
visitors at the home of Mr. Hender-
son's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paris
Henderson of Cambrian corners.

Word was received of the death
of John and Joe Benson's uncle,
Paul Johnson, at Hollister. He died
yesterday at his home after a brief
illness.

Mrs. H. F. Evans returned from
Richmond Friday after a few days
spent in that city.

Mrs. Mary Lanphear left last
week for Los Angeles where she
visited her granddaughter, Miss
Rebecca Martin, before Miss Mar-
tin sailed for Switzerland where
she will spend two years studying
art. Mrs. Lanphear will remain for
a visit at the Martin home.

Mrs. Gayno Eddlemon left for
Oakland today to visit with friends
for a few days.

S. N. Hedegard was a business
visitor in Sacramento Thursday.

Officer Barnes reports that the
Harry Lafanti pool room was rob-
bed of \$5 worth of merchandise
last Wednesday night. The robber
has not been apprehended.

Campbell Union High School Notes

Last Friday night the high
school senior orchestra played at
the meeting of the Prune and Apri-
cot Growers' association in the
grammar school auditorium.

The sophomore class is practic-
ing for the play entitled "Not Quite
Such a Goose," to be given before
the student body soon.

Several of the English classes
are writing poems at present. The
best of the original poems will ap-
pear in this column from time to
time. The two best poems this
week are by a junior and a fresh-
man. Some of the very best of all
the poems written in a given length
of time will appear in the Oriole.

THE GAME OF LIFE

Life is just a game of cards,
Which everybody plays
Sometimes you hold the highest
trumps,
And then the other pays.
But if he hold a better hand
That beats you every time;
And still you play your very best,
Your luck begins to climb.
No matter what your lot may be
Just try—and try to learn,
And if you'll just accept defeat,
You'll find your luck will turn.
—Cora Blakesley, '31

DISTANT ENCHANTMENT

I love to look at the mountain tops
When they are covered with snow,
But I'd rather sit by a fire-place
Because it's much warmer I know.
I love to look at the mountain tops
When they are so pretty and green,
There are thousands of trees, that
sway with the breeze
And it always seems like a dream.
I love to look at the mountain tops
When the air is crisp and clear,
But my heart is filled with joyous
thrills
When I think of my home so dear.
Gladys Nelson, '33

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Pope enter-
tained the six drivers of the school
buses at dinner Friday evening at
their home on Virginia avenue. Ac-
companying the drivers were their
wives. Present were Mr. and Mrs.
M. E. Purmort, Mr. and Mrs. L.
B. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. M. E.
Mumma, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Birn-
baum and J. F. Rogers.

The basketball game last Wed-
nesday evening meant another vic-
tory for Campbell, the unlimiteds
defeating the Knights of Columbus
17-16 on the local court. S. DeSelle
was high point man for Campbell
with Gardner and Shank close sec-
onds. Zigler was high point man
for the Knights.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cookson
and daughter returned to their
home in San Luis Obispo after a
few weeks' visit with their brother-
in-law and sister, Dr. and Mrs. W.
I. Merrill and family.

The funeral of Mrs. Rosa Turner
was held Monday, Jan. 27, at the
Oakland Crematory. Mrs. Turner
was the widow of the late J. Tur-
ner.

JOE GISH
FREE AIR
PLATE FIXED



WHILE THEY'RE INVENT-
ING NEW WAYS TO GET
THERE QUICKER WHY
DON'T SOMEONE INVENT
SOMETHING TO DO WHEN
YOU GET THERE?

UNION DISTRICT

The regular meeting of We and
Our Neighbors club was held Jan.
18 at the club house. Mrs. E. H.
Blakey, Mrs. Charles Davis and
Miss Elizabeth Parker were the
hostesses for the afternoon. The
club house was beautifully decora-
ted with iris, pepper boughs and
other greenery. Mrs. E. H. Todd,
the vice president, read "A New
Year Message to California Club
Women," written by Mrs. William
W. Slayden of Los Angeles. Mrs.
Olive Barrett, a trained nurse, gave
a very instructive and interesting
talk on diet and health. The host-
esses for the third Saturday in
February will be Mrs. Arch Clinker,
Mrs. Zed Riggs and Mrs. J. J. Stan-
field. Mrs. Milton Frances joined
the club and was cordially wel-
comed. Dainty refreshments were
served by the hostesses and the
members enjoyed a social hour.

Neighbors and friends were
grieved to hear of the passing of
S. T. Starrett of Coachella. Mrs.
Starrett was formerly Stella Ham-
ilton of Union district and lived all
her life here until she married and
accompanied Mr. Starrett to the
Hawaiian Islands where he was in
the employ of the government as
agricultural advisor. Their daugh-
ter, Mrs. W. T. Coates, lives in
San Jose. Mr. Starrett died Jan.
27 in Los Angeles. Mrs. Starrett
and her daughter are visiting with
her sister, Mrs. Charles Suydam of
Los Gatos until their complete ar-
rangements for the future.

Last Saturday evening a pleas-
ant gathering was held at the
home of Mrs. Emma C. Main on
San Jose avenue. The occasion was
the installation of a fine new radio
set. Those present were Mrs.
Schlueter, Miss Bertha Schlueter,
Ernest Shannon, Mr. and Mrs.
Lloyd Main, Emery Main, Earl
Matheson and the hostess.

Mrs. J. D. Reed of Brace avenue
gave a charming party to her
friends of Union last Wednesday.
The afternoon was spent in mak-
ing embroidery. A delicious lunch-
eon was served at a table beauti-
fully arranged with a cloth of fillet
lace over yellow silk, and merri-
golds and bachelor buttons graced
the center of the table. Blue and
gold favors completed the artistic
effect. Present were Mrs. McKellar,
Mrs. J. I. McDonald, Mrs. J. J. Cox,
Mrs. L. H. Grant, Mrs. Roy Car-
man, Mrs. George Smith and Mrs.
B. R. Taylor, who is Mrs. Reed's
sister.

Ray Shannon of the reservoir is
visiting friends in San Francisco.

We and Our Neighbors club will
give a card party at the clubhouse
Feb. 15. Whist will be played, fol-
lowed by dancing. The very cap-
able committee is composed of
Mrs. Walter Magnuson, chairman,
Mrs. Levi Farwell, Mrs. William
Riggs, Mrs. R. B. Hummel, Mrs.

KIWANIS NOTES

The Campbell and Los Gatos Ki-
wanians met together last week in
the Community hall at Campbell
for their weekly luncheon. This
occasion marked the fifteenth anni-
versary of the founding of the Ki-
wanis International. Ralph Hyde
presided over the business session
and W. I. Merrill presided over the
program. Dr. Merrill talked a few
minutes about the addresses that
were broadcast over the radio
Tuesday morning by the king of
England and Premier MacDonald
at the Conference of Armaments in
London. Those who failed to listen
in were fined.

P. M. Waddell of the San Jose
high school was the chief speaker
and he spoke on "The Emigrant
Trail." He told of the sufferings
of the hardy bands who took the
trail over the mountains and deserts
to reach California. Stephen
Merrill and Harold Morton enter-
tained at the meeting.

At the meeting today Kiwanians
were given inside information on
the "school daze" as explained by
Professor Holiday of San Jose in
his talk on "fluttering attention." He
gave many comical and witty
examples of the various angles as
expressed by students of different
types. The world is composed of
air, water, dirt and human "beans,"
good, faulty and dead. The slang of
today may be the foundation of a
language of tomorrow.

Next week reports of the dist-
rict meeting held at Santa Cruz
will be given by those "who were
actually in attendance—no guess
work."

C. H. Whitman and Mr. and Mrs.
I. R. Abbott accompanied 50 pupils
of the grammar school to the Sat-
urday morning lecture of Charles
Kellogg, famous "bird man," at the
San Jose high school.

Stephen Merrill is now singing
with the Aeolian Trio over KGO
every Saturday afternoon from 2
to 3 o'clock.

Emma Barthey, Mrs. Ray Howes,
Mrs. Zed Riggs, Mrs. A. H. Down-
ing and Mrs. Edwin Howes.

Mr. and Mrs. Ken Nichols and
son and daughter, Bob and Betty,
have returned from a delightful
trip to Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Conner have
been entertaining a number of
house guests for the past several
weeks.

Radio owners desiring
copies of "Voice of the
Air," bimonthly publica-
tion, may have them de-
livered to their door free
by phoning Campbell 66,
or calling on
Dunlap & Smily

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The Friendship club will meet
with Mrs. M. H. Farnham this
Wednesday evening. Miss Grace
Farnham will speak a few words
about her work in the Cuningham
Mission at Tokio.



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PINKY DINKY and His Gang

By Terry Gilkison

